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E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

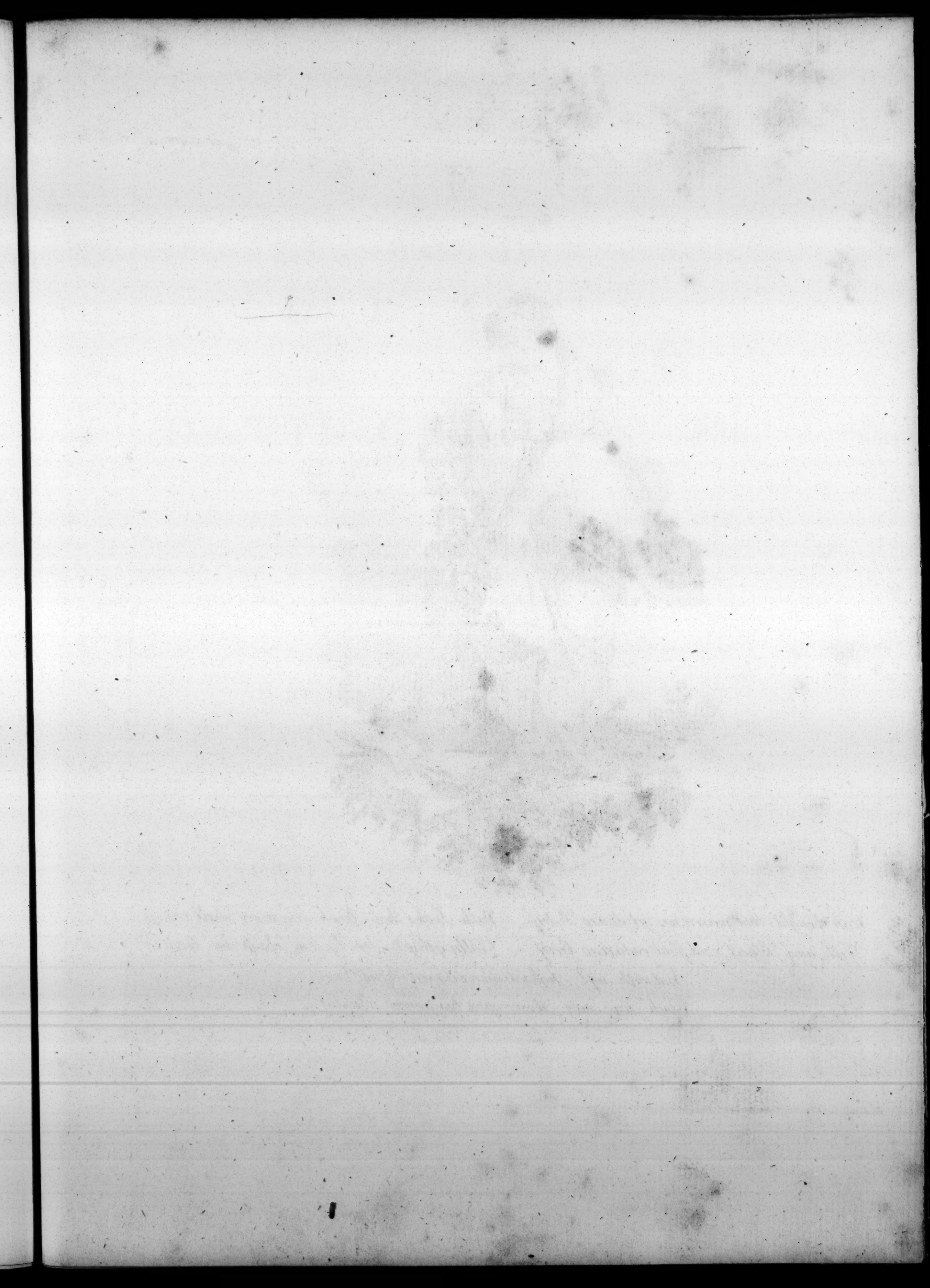
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*With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire Relief, With Looks that Speak—He never shall return,
With meek Regret, and fond enduring Grief, Chilling thy tender Bosom, clasp his Urn:
And with soft Sighs disperse the irreverend Dust,
Which Time may strew upon his sacred Bust!*

A N
E L E G Y
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F
DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Neget quis Carmina Gallo?

Illum etiam Lauri, etiam flevare Myricæ. VIRG. ECLOG. x.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE
ODE TO THE WARLIKE GENIUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

W Tasker

L O N D O N:
F O R T H E A U T H O R,

Printed at LAIDLER'S OFFICE, Princes-Street, Leicester-Fields;

And Sold by DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; BEW, Pater-Noster-Row; BECKET, Corner
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DAVID GARDNER

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An E L E G Y, &c.

I.

YE HELICONIAN VIRGINS, say !
Where were ye on the fatal Day
GARRICK resign'd his Breath :
Say ! could not your immortal Song,
One favour'd Mortal's Life prolong,
And charm the Rage of Death.

II.

Ye mournful Muses, Heavenly fair,
To BRITAIN's penfive Isle repair,
On Fancy's soaring Wing ;
Upon the sad and solemn Lyre,
Soft Pity's melting Notes inspire,
And sound the plaintive String.

B

Let

A N E L E G Y.

III.

Let AVON's Banks and Meads along,
Re-eccho to the funeral Song,
On her deserted Shore ;
Where Fancy's Child with Fairies play'd,
On Ground enchanted wildly stray'd,
Her Swans shall sing no more ;

IV.

With printless Feet, where Genii trod,
Where fancied Forms and Shapes abode :
SHAKESPEARE's creative Pen
To airy Forms gave local Birth,
And cloth'd them like the Sons of Earth :
And now they weep, like Men !

V.

Ye Muses, from Castalia's Spring
Ambrosial Dews, and Odours bring
To shed o'er ROSCIUS' Head :
Fresh to preserve, entire and sound
Be PHOEBUS' Mantle stretch'd around,
By HEBE's Fingers spread.

Till

Phæbus' Mantle.] Alluding to APOLLO's preserving the Dead Body of HECTOR.
Homer. Iliad. Lib. 22.

A N E L E G Y.

VI.

Till his fair Form in state be laid,
Beneath the Cloister'd awful Shade
Where Kings retire to rest :
Where Warriors, Sages, Poets lie,
(Impatient for the upper Sky)
A fit and welcome Guest !

VII.

BRITANNIA'S Sons the Tomb shall raise,
And, sacred to her Roscius' Praise,
The sculptur'd Marble stand ;
The Worth of him, who lies below,
The fair recording Verse shall show,
Wrote by the Muse's Hand.

VIII.

With haggard Eye---dishevell'd Hair,
And woe-worn Features of Despair,
MELPOMENE is seen :
In Robes enroll'd of blood-stain'd Die,
Why dost thou quit thy native Sky,
Thou dagger-scepter'd Queen ?

Why

A N E L E G Y.

IX.

Why bend'st thou o'er thy Darling's Grave?
From Destiny thou canst not save,
Or stop departing Breath;
With Anguish, Grief, and Rage oppress'd,
Why point the Dagger to thy Breast?
Goddeſs! exempt from Death!

X.

Distinguish'd from the vulgar Throng,
In woeful Plight, who glides along?
Hail! lovely Mourner, fair!
Where is thy wonted Smile and Glee?
Laughing THALIA!---chang'd we see,
E'en thou canst shed the Tear.

XI.

Mean Time, BRITANNIA'S Daughters! bring
The blooming Violets of Spring,
To strew o'er ROSCIUS' Bier!
From your admiring Eyes he drew,
The balmy Drop of Pity's Dew,
In old enfeebled LEAR!

The

A N E L E G Y.

XII.

The Master of the Passions lies,
The Hand of Death hath clos'd his Eyes,
That look'd the Drama thro' ;
Down Beauty's Cheeks, who Tears could draw,
On him the grateful Tear bestow,
The Tear to Pity Due :

XIII.

Ye Muse-inspir'd, lament his End,
Who, living, was the Muses' Friend,
The Drama's Loss deplore !
Where is aspiring RICHARD fled ?
In ROSCIUS' Grave, MACBETH lies dead ;
And HAMLET is no more !

XIV.

The Sons of Mirth and Gaiety,
No more shall sprightly RANGER see,
Or BENEDICT admire ;
Lost with the Archness of his Eye,
DRUGGER and LEON breathless lie,
And KITELY shall expire.

A N E L E G Y.

XV.

With SHAKESPEARE's Fire his Breast was fraught,
'Twas he embodied SHAKESPEARE's Thought,
And realiz'd his Dream ;
The Poet's Fancy he exprefs'd,
His Name shall be thro' Time carefs'd,
To Bards a fruitful Theme :

XVI.

And thou, dear Partner of his Soul !
Thy unavailing Grief controul !
Within thy spotless Breast
(Fresh as from REYNOLD's pencil'd Hand,)
His long-lov'd Image still shall stand,
In the " Mind's Eye" exprest.

XVII.

Let brighter Scenes from Glory's Sky,
Delight the Vision of that Eye,
Beyond Life's shorten'd Span :
Ope'd by the rosy-finger'd Hours,
Behold bright Fame's expanded Bowers,
Receive the wondrous Man.

While

A N E L E G Y.

XVIII.

While Science fires her Sons on Earth,
While BRITAIN gives to Genius Birth,
His Praise no Bounds shall know ;
The Stage, while buskin'd Actors tread,
While Taste shall SHAKESPEARE'S Drama read,
While AVON'S Stream shall flow.

F I N I S.

A N T H O P Y

XVII

While Science has not gone on

While Butman goes to Göttingen

The Prince to Bonn's Hall

The Stage, while Butman's Affairs

While Talc Hall Butman's Affairs

While Avo's Science Hall

1811

